

*The History of*

Moore-ditch?

*Fals.* Thou hast the most vnfauory smiles, and art indeede the most comparatiue rascallest sweete yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble mee no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the streete about you sir; but I mark't him not, and yet hee talkt very wisely; but I regarded him not, and yet hee talkt wisely, in the streete too.

*Prince.* Thou didst well: for Wisedome cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

*Fals.* O, thou hast damnable Iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou hast done much harme vnto mee, *Hall*, God forgie thee for it: Before I knew thee, *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake truly, little better then one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life; and I will giue it ouer: By the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: Ile bee damned for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome.

*Prince.* Where shall we take a purse to morrow, *Iacke*?

*Fals.* Zounds, where thou wilt, Lad, Ile make one: and I doe not, call me villaine, and baffell mee.

*Prince.* I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to Purse-taking.

*Fals.* Why, *Hall*; tis my vocation, *Hall*; tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Enter *Poyne*.

*Poy.* Now shall wee know if Gads hill haue set a match: O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villaine that euer cry'd, Stand, to a true man.

*Prince.* Good morrow *Ned*.

*Poy.* Good morrow sweete *Hall*. What sayes *Mounfaine* Remorse? What sayes sir *John Sacke* and *Sugar*, *Iacke*? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy soule, that thou soldst him on Good Friday last, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

*Prince.* Sir *John* stands to his word, the Diuell shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer a breaker of Proverbs: he will giue the Diuell his due.

*Poy.*

*Henry the Fourth.*

*Poyne.* Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the Diuell.

*Prince.* Else he had beene damn'd for coozening the diuell.

*Poy.* But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at *Gads Hill*, there are pilgrimes going to *Canterbury* with rich offerings, and Traders riding to *London* with fat purses. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues: *Gads-Hill* lies to night in *Rocheſter*, I haue bespoke supper to morrow night in *Eastcheape*; wee may do it as secure as sleepes: if you will goe, I will stuffe your purses full of crownes; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

*Fals.* Heare yee, *Yedward*, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

*Poy.* You will, chops?

*Fals.* *Hall*, wilt thou make one?

*Prince.* Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith.

*Fals.* Ther's neither honesty, man-hood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camst not of the blood royall, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

*Prince.* Well, then once in my daies Ile bee a mad-cap.

*Fals.* Why, thats well said.

*Prince.* Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

*Fals.* By the Lord Ile be a traitor then, when thou art King.

*Prince.* I care not.

*Poy.* Sir *John*, I prethee leaue the Prince and me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that he shall go.

*Fals.* Wel, God giue thee the spirit of perswasion, & him the cares of profiting, that what thou speakst may moue, and what he heares may be beleued, that the Prince, may (for recreation sake) proue a false theet; for the poore abuses of the time want countenance: farewell, you shall find me in *Eastcheape*.

*Pri.* Farewel the latter spring, farewell Alhallown summer.

*Poy.* Now my good sweet hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a ieast to execute, that I cannot mannage alone.

*Falsaffe, Harney, Rosill, and Gads-Hill*, shall rob those men that we haue already way-laid; your selfe and I will not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I doe not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

*B*

*Prince.*